

More Than Human

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Summary: Three Heroes, different realities, different times. All of them are more than human. Mass Effect, Halo and Crysic crossover. M for swearing/cursing.

1. Chapter 1

Hello people, I have had this idea swimming around my head for about a year or two now, and I finally got around to writing it up. Personally I think my writing skills have degraded since I last posted a story, which are on indefinite Hiatus and have been for the better half of the year.

Moving on. This is a crossover between Halo, Mass Effect and Crysic. Something which may sound a little wrong on paper, but I can make it workâ€¦ I hope. I try to keep everyone's favourite characters in character, but if I get it wrong please inform me as I'd appreciate the help.

If there are any flames by the time you finish reading, please hold them to yourself. I'd appreciate constructive criticism if you have any to offer. Now please continue and I hope you enjoy, More than Human.

* * *

><p>Halo belongs to the Microsoft Corporation, Bungie and 343 Industries. Mass Effect belongs to Bioware and Electronic Arts. Crysic belongs to Crytek and Electronic Arts.<p>

****More than Human****

****Chapter 1: A Hero's Grave****

Alcatraz tiredly stepped into the Ceph's spore infested Lithoship. The bodies of the four Ceph Guardians littered in the crevice behind

him, electricity sparking from their heavily damaged Exo-suits.

Every fibre left in his body told him, he was finally there. He could barely register what Gould was saying to him over the radio. All he knew was that he was finishing what Prophet started.

Alcatraz plunged himself into the inky black spore. Almost immediately, he could feel the effects, the air was so choked with the spores that he could barely move his arms and legs. Holding his hands in front of him like a shield, fear washed over him when the tips of his fingers suddenly burst into flames. The burning sensation reached all the way through the Nanosuit, instinct kicked in and he willed the Armour mode to engage. A moment later, the major weaving began glowing with a dull blue hue.

The hardened and reformed outer-layer provided a brief pain-free period for Alcatraz. However, it wouldn't last long enough for him to reach the main conduit. In seconds, the suit's energy levels had been drained by eighty-percent.

Another second and he collapsed on all fours. The burning was back, now much more intense than before. The pain driving further inwards, he crawled towards the edge. His burning hands grasped the ledge and with his last bit of strength, Alcatraz pushed himself back up into a standing position.

Looking through the spore, he could see the walls of the conduit. They too, were burning, as he painfully looked around, he realised that the entire conduit was burning. Looking back down, he heard Prophet's voice.

"_This is it Marine, time to finish what I started."_

Giving a very shaky nod, Alcatraz jumped.

His feet barely leaving the floor, he felt a considerable weight crash into him. Painfully, Alcatraz twisted his torso to see his assailant.

Gripping his shoulders was a heavily wounded Guardian. Its helmet was shattered, revealing the gelatinous features of the alien. This time, Alcatraz was too weak to fight back, let alone win. In a horrifying slow-motion, the Guardian raised an arm and brought it crashing down on Alcatraz's spine. The claws weren't able to breach the suit, but it cut into the deep layers.

In mere seconds, the dense spore had caused the Guardian to let go, suffocating as it went.

The Nanosuit's altered spores quickly dispersed and began altering the airborne spores. But the Guardian's strike stalled the release, letting only half of the rewritten particles out.

The alteration spread fast through the Ceph spores, yet it wasn't fast enough. It only managed to convert two thirds of the total spores before it was released.

By then, Alcatraz had fallen unconscious, blissfully unaware that he kept falling, right into the heart of the Ceph ship, where the very

air reached temperatures below Absolute Zero.

The Ceph ship held more secrets than most dared to dream however.

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The first thing that Alcatraz felt was weightlessness. The next feeling that hit him was the frigid temperature; it was so cold that could feel it through the suit. His visor was completely frosted over; he couldn't see a damned thing. He raised his hand and wiped aside the ice. Once he could see, he immediately knew that he was not where he should be. The walls were wide, but still confining and militaristic.

The suit AI, SECOND, helpfully notified him that the suit was equipped with small hydro -thrusters for the very reason of being in zero-gravity areas. For the umpteenth time, Alcatraz wondered just how much that Hargreave bastard actually knew about the Ceph. Although on the upside, at least the back-stabbing old bastard was dead.

For the next few minutes, Alcatraz spent his time drifting through could empty corridors. That was, until he came across a window. Gazing out of it, he was frightened.

There were stars and with endless amounts of black between them. For several minutes, he just floated there, stunned. He was looking out into the abyss, a part of him was questioning his sanity, and another tried to convince him that he was dreaming.

He was snapped out of his trance when a barely audible voice screamed through the empty corridors.

"John, wake up! I need you!"

Alcatraz whipped his head around, looking for the source of the new voice. He knew that the voice wasn't talking to him, his name wasn't John.

Pushing himself away from the window, Alcatraz decided to keep moving. It'd keep his mind off of the fact that he was in space and that he had no idea where he was. If he kept moving, it would also stop him from frosting over with whatever air particles were left in the environment.

Alcatraz kept pushing himself through the empty hallways, examining everything as he went. The walls and ceiling definitely reminded him of a naval vessel, though he wasn't expecting them to be so wide. Usually Navy ships had very narrow hallways; it helped with structural integrity and was easier to seal off in case of a hull breach.

His thoughts strayed from architecture when he came across something very unfamiliar to him. Floating in front of him was a rifle of sorts. It was of a bull pup design, although there weren't any sights that he could see, but there was an ammo counter along the top rail. Despite it being a bull pup rifle, it was quite large. He could only imagine the size of the bullets this thing fired.

Most rifles he had used fired a 7.62mm NATO round. From the barrel of this gun, he imagined that it fired something much larger.

Alcatraz snapped himself out of it and continued on. For a while, he explored aimlessly, making random turns and focusing on trivial areas. All the while the voice grew louder and more desperate. Now that he could make out more of the voice, Alcatraz could safely say that the voice was female, although most of what she said had little to no context. She kept asking someone to wake up, whoever it was, Alcatraz knew what to call them. John, Chief, Spartan. The voice used the names frequently.

Still the fact remained that Alcatraz had no idea of who they were.

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Shepard stretched herself out on her bed. Her hair was messy and unkempt, mostly likely from a bad night's sleep. It hardly mattered though; she was on a mission to save humanity. And while the medical professional of the ship, Doctor Chakwas, advised that Shepard get some sleep, Shepard was being plagued by nightmares recently.

Two figures were most prominent in her dreams. The first was Lieutenant Kaiden Alenko, a biotic soldier that she had worked with on a previous mission. She was forced to leave him behind while a nuclear device went off. While she had lost Kaiden, another friend of hers, Sergeant Ashley Williams, was saved along with the Salarian task force she was assisting.

Both people had haunted her. Shepard had only reunited with Ashley recently, on a planet called Horizon. Shepard was there to stop the Collectors, a race of bipedal Insect-like creatures hell bent on abducting entire human colonies.

The reunion wasn't that pleasant to say the least.

Shepard shook her head; it wasn't time to get dragged down by bad memories. She took a shower and got dressed before heading down to the CIC deck of her ship, the Normandy.

As she stepped out, she was immediately greeted by Yeoman Kelly Chambers, her personal assistant and the ship's shrink.

"Good morning Commander, have a nice sleep?" She greeted.

"I'm fine, Kelly. How's the crew?" Shepard answered, walking onto the platform overlooking the Galaxy map.

"Nothing to report, but Joker would like to talk to you," Kelly informed, gesturing to the cockpit further down.

Shepard watched the Galaxy map, tracking their progress through the Terminus Systems. "Well I won't keep him waiting then." She replied, stepping down and walking towards the cockpit.

Hearing her approach, Joker turned his chair around so that he faced Shepard. "Commander you won't believe what EDI found." He turned his chair back around so that he was back at the controls. He typed a few things in and brought up a playback screen with an oscilloscope. With

a little twirl of his wrist, Joker hit the play button.

"_Mayday Mayday Mayday- this is UNSC FFG-201 Forward Unto Dawn requesting immediate evac. Survivors aboard- prioritization code Victor zero five dash three dash Sierra one one seven."_

The message repeated itself a few times before Joker hit pause and turned back to Shepard. "Don't know about you, but I haven't ever heard of a ship called Forward Unto Dawn."

**It is also worth noting that the signal does not match any encryption signatures in my database nor does it transmit in any other language- **EDI added.

Shepard put a hand on her chin in thought for a moment before answering. "I've never heard of an organisation called 'UNSC'." She said with a puzzled expression. Turning to the holographic projector she continued. "EDI, any matches or ideas?"

Judging from the UN in the anagram, it may be related to the United Nations. Other than that there are no matches-

'Great, an unidentifiable ship in the middle of know where.' Shepard thought. Sighing softly, she spoke. "Joker, take us to this Forward Unto Dawn. But if this ends up as a trap get us out of there. I'm going to go check on everyone and tell them about this."

A little over an hour later, everyone had gathered in the conference room.

"So," Garrus began. "A call for help from an unlisted ship from an organisation that doesn't existâ€|That's new." Garrus sarcastically summed up.

"Scarface has a point." Jack agreed. "This is obviously a fuckin' trap."

"_Commander, we're within visual range of the ship."_ Joker reported over the intercom. _"EDI's sending a scan over to you guys."_

A second later, an orange holographic projection of the Forward Unto Dawn appeared on the table in the centre of the room. It was EDI that pointed out the obvious.

"_The ship does not match any known design or silhouette from known databases."_ The AI reported. _"It is also several times larger than the Normandy."_

"Are we talking, like as big as the Destiny Ascension?" Kasumi, the resident thief, asked.

"I speculate that if the ship were intact, it may be larger than the Destiny Ascension."

"If it were intact?" Shepard's question rang through the now silent room.

"Bigger?"

"Unknown design, possibly a vessel from undiscovered species?" Mordin

questioned, talking very fast.

"No, the distress beacon had a message recorded in English." Shepard reminded. "EDI, what do the scans show?"

"_There is a single life sign moving about the ship. Though I am unable to determine what species it belongs to. Also a small amount of electricity is being used in this area."_ A small blip appeared near the top of the ship's hull while another blinking blip was moving about.

"Life form may be potentially dangerous, capabilities unknown, possible new technology." Mordin listed off in quick succession before take a deep inhale. "Too many variables, advise caution."

"Agreed," said Miranda, Shepard's executive officer. "If we choose to investigate this, it would be better to split up into two groups; one for the power drain and another for the life form."

Shepard nodded in agreement. "Ok, Mordin and Grunt are with me, we'll go for the life sign. Garrus, Tali and Miranda, will take the power drain." Those selected nodded, even Grunt, the living battering ram. "The rest of you will stay with the shuttle and secure our LZ. Joker, bring us in."

"_Aye aye, Commander."_

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Deep inside the Forward Unto Dawn, a frozen figure began to wake and flex.

"Thank god Chief."

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So begins another new project.

Updates may be slow as I tend to only write bit by bit. But hopefully this has intrigued you guys enough to return when I do update.

-Krimzon

2. Chapter 2

Hello once again for another instalment of More Than Human with your favourite host, Krimzon!

I probably forgot this last time, but I'll be trying to update fairly regularly, so far on a weekly basis, though that may be pushed back to a fortnightly or even monthly. So I ask that you keep my motto in mind.

Hope for the Best but Expect the Worst.

A couple of you seemed to be worried that I'd Nerf the Chief! I ask you. Really? He's the freakin Chief, I'm gonna do the best I can with

what I have, which includes Chief's uncanny luck. So if I do fail to meet your expectations, at least I can say that I tried.

(Edit): Yeah an anonymous reviewer pointed out a glaring flaw near the end, so I rectified that so it no longer makes no sense.

That's all for this AN, enjoy the chapter. I tried to make it a bit longer this time.

More than Human

Chapter 2: Three of a Kind

Halo belongs to the Microsoft Corporation, Bungie and 343 Industries. Mass Effect belongs to Bioware and Electronic Arts. Crysis belongs to Crytek and Electronic Arts.

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><p>Shepard's boots stuck to the metal floor of the Forward Unto Dawn with a thud. Without a word, she raised her Carnifex heavy pistol and swept the area, looking for any signs of movement. Seeing nothing but a bunch of crates, Shepard gave the all clear.<p>

The rest of her crew piled out of the UT-47 Kodiak dropship with weapons raised, ready to fire on a moment's notice. Their caution wasn't unwarranted; EDI could detect life signs, but the crew had no idea if there were defence systems in place or automated drones liked to patrol.

"Grunt, Mordin with me." Shepard ordered. Her voice a bit muffled from her environmentally sealed suit. "Garrus, Miranda and Tali find the source of the power drain. Jack, Kasumi and Zaeed, stay with the shuttle. Keep in radio contact and report anything suspicious." After hearing a round of 'yes', 'ok' and 'got it', Shepard gave one more order. "Move out!"

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Alcatraz was starting to get the hang of the ship's layout. It had been roughly twenty four hours since he woke up and he was starting to think there wasn't a way out. The tubes marked 'Escape Pods' were empty as were the cargo holds.

Alcatraz was also starting to believe that the voice was just a figment of his imagination, since it had stopped about half an hour ago. Even so, at least it gave him some semblance of company. Now all that kept him company was SECOND's monotonous voice and the sounds of his thrusters. Rounding a corner, he activated Nano-vision for the hundredth time and took a quick scan of the area. Nano-vision was essentially Thermal vision and Night vision when combined and taken to the extreme. Everything turns greyscale save for heat sources and evens out visual highs and lows to avoid being blinded by light like other Night visions would be. Its counterpart, Visor mode, simply translates everything that SECOND detects into visual information to provide tactical assistance. All the user would have to do is tag anything they deemed useful.

It drained the suit's energy filtering out irrelevant images and highlighting others via thermals. The drain wasn't as much as armour

mode or invisibility, but it was still noticeable, especially when he used it with another mode active. With a quick calculation, he speculated that it would last roughly ten minutes without any interference.

****Hostiles Detected****

SECOND warned him, marking three little red triangles on the mini-map making Alcatraz whip his head around and see the distinct white beams from flashlights from the corner he just rounded. On instinct, he activated his cloak and launched himself up so he could grab a hold of a broken fluorescent light in the crook of the ceiling and flatten himself against it.

Alcatraz forced himself not to move as three figures walked through. One was tall, lean, featured a caved in torso and had curved horns protruding from the top of its skull or at least there should have been if the other one was anything to go by. A quick scan labelled the creature as an amphibian, although Alcatraz thought it looked more like a lizard. The numerous scars littering its 'face' implied that it had seen combat before.

The beast that lumbered into view next was quite a sight to behold. Alcatraz figured that it was about seven feet tall and if the tremors it sent out with each step, easily weighed more than twice of a regular human. While its head was covered by a helmet, the individual eye holes gave the Alcatraz the feeling that if he were to move, it would definitely notice. SECOND's scan couldn't get an accurate reading on the creature due to it being almost completely covered in armour.

And Judging from what looked like weapons in their hands, these things were fairly intelligent.

The third individual struck Alcatraz the most. It was without a doubt, human.

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****Shepard, the life sign has disappeared. Its last location isn't far from you****

"What? Were we too late?" Shepard asked, her tone more worried than confused.

****No, the life sign didn't die slowly, it simply vanished****

"Roger that EDI, we'll be careful." Shepard nodded to her companions and told them to keep moving. The signal's last known location was just around the corner.

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Alcatraz tensed; the sight of a human working with aliens was, in itself, alien to him. After all, back where he was from, no human would be caught dead helping the Ceph.

Based on the human's body structure, Alcatraz determined them to be a woman. Slightly shaking his head, he gave a silent sigh. While he didn't doubt a woman's fighting capability, he still didn't like to

fight them, chivalry was pretty much a built in response for most males.

The group paused in the centre of the room scanned the room. A glance at the bottom right side of his HUD told Alcatraz that he had at least two minutes before his cloak failed. Thinking the area was clear, the woman raised her left arm and a glowing gauntlet of some kind materialised around her arm. The amphibious alien was directly below him with its back to the wall, scanning the area while the mammoth reptile was talking to the female. To Alcatraz, the alien's voice was something akin to growling and roaring rather than actual words. Equally confusing was that the human seemed to understand what the big lizard was saying.

Another glance at his reserves told him that his time was practically up. With a very gentle push, Alcatraz floated down behind the amphibian. Within a second, Alcatraz had uncloaked, wrapped his left arm around the amphibian's neck, taken its weapon and aimed the weapon at the others as it let out a high-pitched croak.

The others quickly spun and raised their weapons towards him. For a few moments, no one moved. It was during this period that SECOND quickly analysed the strange weapon in Alcatraz' hand and relayed the information to his HUD. The weapon had a hand-guard, a trigger, firing chamber and a barrel, to Alcatraz that spelled a firearm. SECOND's analysis wasn't too far off, stating that it was a weapon, but with no idea of what it actually discharged.

It would take several seconds for the suit's power levels to recharge, so he attempted to stall the enemies by doing something he hadn't done for a long time.

Talk.

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"_Who are you?"_

The voice that came through her helmet was distinctly male and had an electrical vibe to it, like someone had filtered it.

The person that spoke however was holding Mordin hostage and pointing a gun at them. Whatever they were wearing it looked decades ahead of anything Shepard had seen before and that included walking tanks, an Organic VI and a two kilometre-long sentient starship. Well maybe not the last one. The suit looked like coils of raw muscle that wrapped over every part of their body. Occasionally there were bits of chrome-like metal that poked out like bone or tendons would through muscle, but with even a glance, Shepard could tell it was a thousand times tougher. If she looked close enough, the weaves had a hexagonal pattern on them. The most intimidating feature to her most was the glistening red visor. Like most goggles, the visor had two large parts connected by a smaller part over the bridge of the nose.

What scared Shepard though was the distinct shape of their body. It was human, a male by the look of it.

Shepard and her squad had followed EDI's directions to the life sign, but when they arrived there was nothing but an empty hallway. While she was checking her Omni-tool, Grunt said that he felt that

something was off. She had told him that he was simply paranoid, but then this stranger stepped out of no-where and took Mordin hostage.

Shepard hated to admit it, but this man held all the cards while Mordin was his hostage.

"I'm Shepard, Council Spectre." She began, not moving her gun an inch. "We came here to investigate a distress beacon."

"_Distress beacon?"_ The man repeated, confusion lacing his voice.

"Your turn, who are you?" Shepard asked, mirroring his earlier question.

The man paused for a while, seemingly deciding whether or not to tell them his name.

"_Alcatraz, United States Marine Corps."_

"Bullshit, there haven't been any US marines since 2130." Shepard immediately countered. "The only Marines I know of work for the System's Alliance."

"_2130?"_ Alcatraz asked, his grip tightening on the gun.

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"_The year is 2185."_ This Shepard character responded. SECOND performed a quick scan and found no pulse fluctuations to suggest that she was lying.

"That can't be rightâ€¦!" Alcatraz muttered, his grip slacking. "Last I remember, it was 2023."

Before he could react, the gun was out of his hand and suddenly floating behind his head. Shepard had shot the gun out of his hand. Stripped of his bargaining chip, Alcatraz tossed aside the captive alien and dashed towards the bigger one. In the blink of an eye, he was inside its guard and was delivering a quick flurry of punches.

****Maximum Power****

One right hook, a left hook and finally a haymaker to the thing's snout sent the large alien recoiling back.

Suddenly, Alcatraz was pushed back, flying down the corridor. He snapped his head back up to Shepard, who was now glowing with an ethereal blue veil. SECOND told him that the blue field was manipulated Dark Matter and advised immediate retreat.

As soon as Alcatraz hit a wall, he kicked off in a random direction, heading away from Shepard and her strange abilities.

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"ARRGGHH, Battlemaster!" Grunt roared, shaking his large head and

standing back up. "Let me rip him to shreds!"

"Calm down Grunt." Shepard ordered, keying her radio. "EDI, the life form is human. He somehow jumped us but we fought him off. He was also wearing a suit of some kind, never seen anything like it."

** -Human? The odds are 93.84% against it- ** EDI relayed. ** -The signature is moving again, towards the aft of the ship where the shuttle is, I suggest you follow it Shepard- **

"Got it, EDI." Shepard turned to her squad. "Alright, we're following that guy so we can stop him. Apparently he's heading to the shuttle. We're going to have to assume that he knows how to fly it."

Shepard shared a glance with her squad and took off running with them trailing behind her. Pressing a couple of fingers to her ear, Shepard called up Jack.

"Jack, there's a guy on his way to you, be ready to capture him in a biotic field."

"_You got it Shep._"

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Tali, Garrus and Miranda had stopped outside a room labelled 'Cryo'. The brunette human decided that she was in command and was the one to report to Shepard.

"Shepard, we followed the power drain to a room labelled 'Cryo'." She reported calmly. "How are things on your end?"

"_Oh just peachy, Miranda._" Shepard replied, her voice dripping with sarcasm. "_The life sign turns out to be a human, he holds Mordin hostage, beats up Grunt and starts running for the shuttle._"

"A human?" Miranda asked incredulous. "And he beat up Grunt? How is that even possible?"

"We'll just have to ask him when he's being suspended by Jack and mine's biotics and looking down the barrels of four guns." Miranda could practically hear the grin from Shepard. "Finish up there, link back up when you're done and we'll all go have a shower and go to bed."

"Ok Shepard, see you in-Whoa!" All of a sudden, the feeling on being tethered down whilst floating stopped. Miranda quickly had to brace herself to not fall down. "Shepard did you feel that?"

"_Yeah, feels like gravity was restored._" Her commander responded. "_Same goes for the lights and the air._"

"_Shepard, cheerleader, the hangar bay doors suddenly closed._" Jack reported. "_We're not going anywhere any time soon._"

Miranda lowered her hand from her ear and turned to her squad. "Let's get this over with."

The large door hissed open and they filed in, guns raised and

prepared for anything. What they saw upon entering was not what they had prepared for.

Standing in the middle of the room was a seven, bordering eight, foot tall human with thick armour plating covering most of his body. Immediately upon seeing them, the armoured giant raised his rifle and held steady, waiting for them to make the first move.

"Keelah." Tali breathed in awe and fright, her mask muffling her voice slightly. She didn't waver however, she didn't want to look like frightened.

Garrus stayed silent but he kept his grip on his rifle firm, just in case this human tried anything.

Miranda stared into the golden visor, trying to gauge whether or not this human would prove hostile. After a moment of the standoff with nobody moving, Miranda started things off.

"You're human?" She asked, keeping her voice level to not anger him.

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"_**Give me a moment, I'm spinning up artificial gravity, sealing doors and activating life support."**_ Cortana relayed, her avatar looking over to the pod that contained her friend and hero.

The Chief had given an almighty push to open his cryo pod and rushed over to his ever loyal companion through his most harrowing moments. He leaned on the holotank and looked at her. She hadn't changed since he was frozen. The AI still had that blue glow, short haircut and various characters and numbers scrolling endlessly over her body. Ever since he lost his brothers and sisters, Cortana had been by his side and always ready to help.

She had done so many things that had saved his life that he would do anything to help her, even if it meant sacrificing himself. He almost did too. He had braved the Gravemind's territory and obliterated its soldiers just to save Cortana.

"_**It's good to see you up on your feet again Chief."**_ Cortana greeted, that soft and mischievous smile gracing her appearance. "It seems we've got intruders aboard the Dawn."

"Ready to get back to work?" The Chief asked the AI, his voice deep and rough.

"_**I thought you'd never ask."**_ Cortana answered with a dazzling smile that made the Chief's own concealed mouth twitch into a smile. _**"Yank me."**_ With practiced ease, the Chief reached down and pulled a chip away from the pedestal, making Cortana's image disappear. As he brought it up to his head, the Chief spared a brief affectionate look at the chip before inserting it into the back of his helmet.

The familiar cool rush spread along his skull as the chip came into contact with his neural implant. "Alright, according to your motion tracker there are three enemies just outside the chamber. Better get your gun." The Chief briefly nodded and snatched up an Assault Rifle

that was held in a secure rack next to his pod. He stepped out into the middle of the room and waited for the door to slide open.

The millisecond it did, the Chief's weapon was raised and his finger was tapping the trigger. At Cortana's insistence, he treated this like a first contact scenario. But if they proved hostile, he would open fire.

So it came as quite a shock when he saw that there was a human among the intruders. If he were to describe her appearance, the Chief would undoubtedly have to say that she was rather attractive, almost too attractive. Shelving that thought for the meanwhile, he focused on the non-humans.

One was wearing a purplish-blue full body suit with a cloth hood and had several air-tight seals over the body. The seals seemed appropriate seeing as the ship was breached and there was no air until recently. The actual body shape was very comparable to a human female's, with wide hips and an hourglass figure. If it were only a first glance, the Chief would have thought that she was human. But the bowed legs and only three digits on her hands gave it away.

He moved his observation to the next one, a fairly large and armoured creature. Said armour was coloured blue with black highlights and featured a very large collar that was almost like a carapace. Like the previous alien, this one only had three digits on each hand. The final thing that proved this thing was an alien was its impossibly slim waist and the amour covered spines on the lower legs.

"You're human?" The female asked after a short while. Chief glanced around cautiously before nodding slowly in confirmation to the question. "What were you doing here?"

The Spartan didn't do anything for a while, but then turned his head slightly, motioning to the pods that lined the wall. "I was in Cryostasis."

"Will you shoot?" The female asked, her cold blue eyes seemingly piercing his visor. After a moment's consideration, the Chief spoke.

"Only if you shoot first," the rough voice rumbled through his helmet.

The human turned to her companions ordered them to lower their weapons. The larger of the two hesitated and said something, though it sounded like cross between a bird's squawk and a lizards hiss to the Chief.

"What'd he say?"

"You can't understand him?" The dark haired woman asked, looking a little confused. Exchanging a look with the taller alien, she took a deep breath and continued. "Ok, for now let's just get back to our ship. I'll introduce you to the Commander." She said with a motion to follow as she walked back down the fall.

The Chief lowered his weapon, but still kept it in his hands in case. He entered into a slow jog to catch up and then slowed down to keep pace.

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Alcatraz wasn't having a nice day. First he wakes up in a deserted spaceship, then he finds out that he somehow jumped roughly a hundred and fifty years into the future, after which the life-support and gravity kick in making him fall to the ground and finally he was informed by SECOND that there were three more life forms up ahead.

Oh yeah and the squad he was running from was right behind him. He could have just turned on stealth and killed them effortlessly, but he figured that wouldn't get him anywhere. These people didn't really seem evil, but how could he possibly know that?

After all he did attack them first. Alcatraz slowed down to a trot, glancing back every now and then. Maybe if they gave him a chance to explain. How was anyone supposed to react upon seeing an alien for the first time? Granted that he had encountered aliens before, but they were hell bent on killing him and the rest of New York.

Shaking his head, Alcatraz sped back up. He couldn't feel sorry for hurting something that wasn't human, right?

His thoughts hit pause when he entered the hanger. The only thing that seemed to stick out was a white and black box. It only took a second, but Alcatraz realised that it was the dropship that these people used to get on this station or derelict ship, whatever it was.

Alcatraz blurred into full speed, utilising his hydro-thrusters to full extent. 'Just another few metres, one foot,' He thought, getting closer and closer, so much so that the world slowed down around him considerably.

Then he stopped. Dead still, a scant few inches away from the dropship with a slithering blue film cloaking him.

He panicked, making every muscle move in an attempt to break free. Someone walked into his view, another woman, bald with tattoos scrawled all over her body like a second skin and a few leather belts covering her dignity. Her entire body was pulsing with an ethereal blue glow, not unlike the woman before. The woman peered into visor and smirked before putting a hand up to her golden earpiece.

"Shepard, I think I got him."

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Well that went pretty good huh?

This chapter was over 3k words and took a little while to complete and hopefully I can keep this up.

Unlike so many other stories that had the Chief fighting his way to a standstill, I proposed something else. Treat it like a first contact scenario and try to be peaceful.

And I can hear those people who are saying 'The Chief should be

fighting. That's all he knows-blah blah blah'. Yes the Chief has lived most of his life fighting, but who's to say whether or not he actually likes to fight or has even grown tired of it. Trust me I'll make it up to you people by making getting the Chief some good old boots on the ground fighting soon enough.

And if you've played any Crysris game on the higher difficulties, you'll know just how hard it is to survive in an all-out fire-fight. So I'm playing Alcatraz as a very cautious person, whose instincts tend to act before his mind does.

Till Next time Folks! -Krimzon

3. Chapter 3

More than Human

Chapter 3:

Just what makes someone, More than Human?

* * *

><p>It was quite the sight for the Normandy Crew once Shepard's shuttle returned. All of the party's Biotic-capable members were glowing and focusing their power onto a single entity in the middle of the formation. The figure in question was almost impossible to see with the sheer amount of dark energy surrounding them.<p>

The most visible part was the menacing red glow from the face. The figure was levitating just above the floor with barely an inch to spare. Its arms were bound tightly behind its arched back with several bands of Omni-gel, the legs were similarly bound with multiple bands.

Once the bound figure was floated away, the rest of Shepard's party walked out of the shuttle with a several weapons drawn. After they disembarked, a larger figure clad in olive green armour emerged from the shuttle. They spared an impassive glance at the figure suspended by biotics before walking away, each footfall hitting the deck with an impressive thud.

The Biotic women, Shepard, Jack and Miranda, released their control over the captive one by one. As the aura dissipated, the captive began struggling more, straining against the bands of Omni-gel.

"Damn, this fucker's hard to tie down huh, Shep?" Jack stated, after taking a large gulp of air, her skin slick with sweat.

"That's putting it lightly." Shepard responded, being handed a bottle of water from a crew member. "I'm surprised we were able to detain him at all."

"Any ideas about the suit?" Miranda asked, a light sheen on her forehead. "It looks nothing like anything Cerberus has."

"We can interrogate him later." Shepard said firmly. "We still have another visitor to attend to."

"Well, since he doesn't have a translator or an Omni-tool, I have elected to translate for him." Miranda said with a hint of pride.

"What the fuck gives you first dibs to that sweet ass, Cheerleader?" Just about everyone in the immediate vicinity blushed at the image of Jack dry-humping the giant armoured man. It was quite obvious to everyone in the shuttle that Jack was absolutely ravishing the giant man with her eyes during the trip back.

"I don't have 'dibs' I am simply the first person he talked to." The raven-haired woman stated. "Besides I'm not attracted to him."

"Ok, I'm actually gonna go talk to the guy." Shepard hiked a finger over her shoulder with a sigh. "You two can stay here and bitch fight over the first screw."

"Hey!" They both shouted at her while she entered the elevator.

* * *

><p>The man, Jacob, led him to the med-bay. Chief was rather underwhelmed by the Normandy, when he was told that it was a military vessel he expected something the size of the Dawn. This ship would barely register as a light-corvette or a freighter. The walls seemed too thin, too pliable to be able to withstand hardly any damage. But without seeing the enemies it was designed to fight, he couldn't really judge.<p>

"Doctor Chakwas will give you a full check-up. I imagine that being frozen can't be comfortable." He commented, attempting to be empathetic.

"You get used to it." Was all Chief said before stepping through the open doorway, leaving the man with a confused expression.

The med-bay was a lot smaller than the ones the Chief was used to, only capable of treating a handful of crew members at once if the number of beds were any judge. The resident doctor, a woman pushing into her elderly years and a grandmother's smile was the only occupant other than himself. At the moment she was busy reading through something on her terminal.

"Doctor Chakwas, I assume?" he asked, stopping next to her desk and gaining her attention.

"Oh, yes." She flashed a friendly smile to the green giant. "And I assume that you are one of our guests from the wreck?"

"I suppose so." The Chief's first impression of the woman was that she was similar to Halsey, brilliantly minded in her field and left little room to argue.

"Now strip down and get on one of the beds. I need to perform just about every test I have on you, just in case you aren't carrying any unknown pathogens or contaminants that might endanger the rest of the crew." The Spartan almost chuckled, he called it.

"My apologies, Doctor, but my suit takes a while to remove. Even

under optimal conditions." At her questioning gaze he continued to elaborate. "Standard procedure for removing the armour requires a team of trained technicians and specialised tools." The Doctor bit her lip in thought, as if she was trying to solve a particularly hard crossword puzzle.

"Well, we can't spare the techniciansâ€¦" she dug around one of her drawers before withdrawing a small canister and stood up, a glowing glove formed over forearm, an Omni-tool as the others informed him. "â€¦The tools on the other hand shouldn't be too much of a problem." Chakwas typed a few things into the Omni-tool, allowing a small stubbed protrusion to form. "Now, please show me the first piece to be removed."

The Chief sat down on the floor and directed her to a small, oddly shaped bolt located on his back. A short squirt and a whirring noise and the bolt unscrewed with no problem, much to his shock. Chakwas laughed gently at his unsaid question.

"Omni-gel." She explained. "It's basically programmable matter used in miniature manufactories found in Omni-tools and the like. A small spray and a little forming can make short work of virtually any analogue lock these days. The stuff melts into a liquid when exposed to a certain frequency."

Before the Chief could reply, the doors slid open and Shepard strode in. "Hey Doc, how's our big green man?"

The Doctor applied more Omni-gel and unscrewed another bolt. "Until we get this armour off him, I can't be certain." The Chief pointed at another bolt on his lower back. "What about the other guest? Is there any reason you haven't brought them up here yet?"

"Doc, we had to bind him down just so he wouldn't kill anyone. Hell, I've got Garrus and Grunt watching him just in case he breaks free."

"I suppose bringing him up here so I can get some scans is off the table then?"

"Hit the nail on the head, Doc."

* * *

><p>Alcatraz hated being restrained, hated being helpless. It reminded him of when Hargreave had him captured. When the very suit he had fused into was being pulled off what remained of his body. Theseâ€¦ aliens, didn't seem to know just what he was. That could work in his favour.<p>

Vulnerability detected SECOND announced, pulling up an audio file.

"_Omni-gel. It's basically programmable matter used in miniature manufactories found in Omni-tools and the like. A small spray and a little forming can make short work of virtually any analogue lock these days. The stuff melts into a liquid when exposed to a certain frequency."_

Finding correct frequency

Thisâ€¦ Omni-gel is what made up the glowing orange restraints. It seemed like a design flaw to have it turn to goo when vibrated at a set frequency. Now with the restraints dealt with, that left the crew. A facility this big was sure to have a lot of staff. SECOND was able to determine the approximate size of the place by sending out an ultra-sonic pulse. The results were strange, the basic layout reminded him of a naval vessel rather than a structure.

"**Frequency found, ready for use**"

According to the plans, there were air vents through the place, he could use them to hide. But Alcatraz had no doubt that the crew would hunt him down. He'd have to find and confront the Commander of the vessel.

Several audio intercepts pointed to this 'Shepard' being in command. She was also one of the women with that strange ability. He'd have to be careful around her.

Now to plan his route. The ducts would be the best way to traverse, it was cramped and hard hardly any room for armed pursuits. The highest point he could travel in the vents seemed to be a laboratory, not the best place, but the Armory was only two doors away. The closest vent opening was a floor above him, in what looked like a maintenance area.

The only clear way seemed to be the elevator, if it weren't for the atriums above the cargo hold. One was occupied the other was empty. To break that glass he'd need a firearm and at least a running start.

"New objective"

Right on cue, 'Obtain weapon'. Now where can he find a weapon around him? The two aliens before him were holding gunsâ€¦

* * *

><p>AN: Well, it's been quite the while hasn't it?<p>

Super sorry for the wait guys, let's just say things haven't been the best over the past few years. Anyway, I know the chapter's short, but I will continue this to best of my ability.

As usual, any criticism is welcome.

~Dys

End
file.